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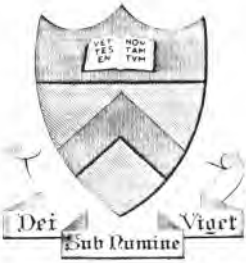

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A

Real Treasure

FOR A

PIOUS MIND.

COMPILED BY A LADY.

From the Collections and Writings of

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, MRS. ROWE, MISS HARVEY, DR. WATTS, MR. PERIN, MR. SMITH, AND OTHERS.

NEW-YORK:

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REAL TREASURE

FOR THE

PIOUS MIND.

Desires of the Soul.

WHAT wanteſt thou, O my ſoul! with what imaginable excellency wouldſt thou clothe thyſelf? What deſirable objects wouldſt thou pitch upon? Is it beauty? The righteous ſhall ſhine forth as the ſun in the kingdom of heaven, and the wiſe as the brightneſs of the firmament for ever and ever. Is it riches? Wealth and riches are in the houſe of God; every one in his family ſhall have a rich, a glorious, an incorruptible and eternal inheritance among the ſaints. What is it then? Is it honour? What honour like to this, to be a friend and a favourite of God, and a ſpouſe of Chriſt? To have a crown of righteouſneſs, of life, and of glory? Yet more, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ſet upon thy head. Yet again, is it pleaſure? The juſt ſhall enter into their maſter's joy, and there are rivers of pleaſure at his right hand for evermore. In a word, what wouldſt

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thou have, O my flesh? A confluence of all the glorious things both in heaven and on earth! Why, godliness hath the promise of this life, and of that which is to come. If heaven and the righteousness thereof, be the thing thou dost seek; both heaven and earth, with the excellencies thereof, is that which thou shalt find.

Nothing in this world I want,
No treasure here beneath;
Only for thee, Lord, I pant,
For thee alone I breathe:
Wipe away my nature's sin,
Thy image to my breast restore;
Thou alone canst make me clean,
And bid me sin no more.
Thou inviteſt me to come
To share thy people's rest;
Poor in spirit I presume
To press unto the feast:
Saving faith to me impart,
And clothe me with thy righteousness:
In the fountain dip my heart,
And sign my glad release.
Fill me with thy perfect love,
And answer each complaint;
Unbelieving thoughts remove,
And banish all my wants.
Lord, enable me by grace
My ev'ry weight to lay aside;
Patiently to run my race,
Till thou dost take thy bride.

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Christian's Choice.

I AM frail, and the world is fading; but my soul is immortal, and God is eternal. If I pitch upon the creatures, they may take wings like an eagle that flieth towards heaven, or my soul may take its way with the rich fool, and go to hell; but if I chuse God for my portion, then mercy and goodness shall follow me whilst I live, and glory and eternity shall crown me when I die. I will therefore now leave that which I shall soon lose, that so I may embrace that which I shall always enjoy.

One there is above all others,
Who deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconcil'd by him to God:
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

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, there is a ſad mirth, ſo there is a joyful ing : Look upon the voluptuous man, er laughter may appear in his face, yet ſad- er centres in his heart ; his carnal delights t only vain, but vexing ; like muſic, they im into a melancholy fit : Whilſt the ban- laſts, the ſenſualiſt ſings ; but when the ing comes, his ſpirit ſinks, his burning : preſently goes out in a ſtinking ſnuff, his g ſun inſtantly ſets in the watery cloud.— on gives us the ſum of it thus : Even in ter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of mirth is heavineſs. But now come to the ntial perſon, as his tears are the joy of an- ſo they are the joy of his heart, and the ſo- f his ſoul ; the ſalter his tears, the ſweeter mforts ; the deeper his ſighs, the fuller his the beams of conſolation always ſhine into ouſe of mourning, ſo that his ſoul is in l with a Barnabas, and his labours bring the fruits of peace ; inſomuch that I may ſay, to mourn for ſin, is to weep for joy. : pure and pleaſant ſtreams of conſolation h are the worldling's wonders) which flow n in thoſe chryſtal rivers of eternal pleaſure, d's right hand, come from a weeping ſpring. then is the mouth of wickedneſs opened t the way of holineſs ? As if grace was the y to intomb joys ; and impiety the womb ng forth felicity ; but if experience may be

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heard, my soul hath felt both, and I find such damps of spirit in the worldly pleasures, and such refreshings of soul in the depth of godly sorrow, that I shall esteem one drop of such spiritual joy, more than an ocean of their mirth.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mourtful vale
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
(That only rest for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breast.
In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I travel my appointed years,
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
O what has Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine, I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in radiant white,
And conquering palms they bear.
Lord what are all my sufferings here?
If thou but mak'st me meet,

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With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet.
Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain;
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

Eſtate of a Man at Death.

AS the tree falleth, ſo it lieth; and where death ſtrikes down, there God lays out, either for mercy or miſery; ſo that I may compare it to the red ſea; if I go in an Iſraelite, my landing ſhall be in Glory, and my rejoicing in triumph, to ſee all my enemies dead upon the ſea ſhore; but if I go in an Egyptian, if I am on this ſide of the cloud, on this ſide the covenant, and yet go in hardened among the troops of Pharoah, juſtice ſhall return in its full ſtrength, and an inundation of judgment ſhall overflow my ſoul forever. Or elſe I may compare it to the ſleep of the ten virgins, of whom it is ſaid, they ſlumbered and ſlept, we ſhall all fall into this ſleep. Now if I lie down with the wiſe, I ſhall go in with the bridegroom; but if I ſleep with the fooliſh, without oil in my lamp, without grace in my ſoul, I have cloſed the gates of mercy upon my ſoul forever. I ſee then this life is the time wherein I muſt go forth to meet the Lord; this is the hour wherein I muſt do my work, and the day where-

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in I muſt be judged according to my works. I know not how ſoon I may fall into this ſleep; therefore, Lord, grant that I may live every day in thy ſight, as I deſire to appear the laſt day in thy preſence.

STILL out of the deepeſt abyſs
Of trouble I mournfully cry;
And pine to recover my peace,
And ſee my Redeemer and die.

I cannot I cannot forbear
Theſe paſſionate longings for home;
O! when will my ſpirit be there?
O! when will the meſſenger come?

Thy nature I long to put on,
Thy image on earth to regain;
And then in the grave to lie down
This burden of body and pain.

O! Jeſus in pity draw near,
And lull me to ſleep on thy breaſt;
Appear to my reſcue, appear,
And gather me into thy reſt.

To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy diſplay,
And give me to reſt from all ſin,
And bear me triumphant away.

Away from this world of diſtreſs,
Away to the manſions above;
The heaven of ſeeing thy face—
The heaven of feeling thy love.

The Soul's Communion.

THE nearer the moon draweth into conjunction with the ſun, the brighter it ſhines towards the heavens, and the obſcurer it ſhews towards the earth; ſo the nearer the ſoul draws into communion with Jeſus Chriſt, the comelier it is in the eye of the ſpouſe, and the blacker it appears in the ſight of the world. He that is a precious Chriſtian to the Lord, is a preciſe puritan to the world; he that is glorious to a heavenly ſaint, is odious to an earthly ſpirit; but it is a ſign thou art an Egyptian, when that cloud which is a light to an Iſraelite, is darkneſs to thee. It is a ſign thou moveſt in a terreſtrial orb, when thou ſeeſt no luſtre in ſuch celeſtial lights; for my part if I ſhine to God, I care not how I ſhow to the world.

SWEET as a ſhepherd's tuneful reed,
From Sion's mount I heard the ſound;
Gay ſprang the flowrets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature ſmil'd around,
The voice of peace ſalutes mine ear;
Chriſt's lovely voice perfumes the air.

Peace, troubled ſoul, whoſe plaintive moan,
Hath taught theſe rocks the note of woe;
Ceaſe thy complaint, ſuppreſs thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold, the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

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Come, freely come, by ſin oppreſt,
Unburthen here the weighty load,
Here find thy refuge, and thy reſt,
Safe on the boſom of thy God.
Thy God's thy Saviour's glorious word!
That ſheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring ſword.

As ſpring the winter, day the night,
Peace ſorrow's gloom ſhall chace away;
And ſmiling joy, a ſeraph bright,
Shall tend thy ſteps, and near thee ſtay,
Whilſt glory waves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

A Chriſtian's ſupport under afflictions.

IT was proudly ſaid by Cæſar, croſſing (unknown) the ſea, being in a little bark, in a tempeſtuous ſtorm, when they were ready to be ſwallowed up by the waves, perceiving the courage of the pilot to fail, Fear not, for thou carrieſt Cæſar. How truly may a gracious ſpirit ſay in the midſt of all afflictions, and tribulations, Fear nothing, O my ſoul, thou carrieſt Jeſus Chriſt! What, though the windows of heaven be opened for a ſtorm, or the fountains of the deep broken up for a flood, afflictions from above, troubles from below; yet God who ſits in heaven will not caſt away his Son, Chriſt who lives in me will not let me ſink; the ſwelling

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waves, I know, are but to set me nearer heaven, and the deeps are but to make me awake my master. Prize thy Christ; they shall not drown thee; therefore they cannot daunt me; for while I sail with Christ, I am sure to land with Christ.

1. LET me thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;
And while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

2. When, or wherever thou shalt smite,
I'll own thee kind, I'll own thee right;
And underneath the heaviest load,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

3. Dost thou my earthly comforts stay,
And take beloved ones away;
Yet will my soul revere the rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

4. Then be my trials great or small,
There's sure a needs-be for them all;
Thus, then, thy dealings I'll applaud,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

5. Let me not murmur, nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of thine;
But, while I walk the mournful road,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

6. Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind;
And thus may I improve the rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

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7. Thy love thou'lt make in heaven appear,
In all I've borne and ſuffer'd here;
Let me till brought to that abode,
Be ſtill, and know that thou art God.

8. There, when my happy ſoul ſhall riſe
To joys and Jeſus in the ſkies:
I ſhall, as ranſom'd by his blood,
Forever ſing, thou art my God.

God's preſence makes all conditions comfortable.

WHERE the king is, there is the court; and where the preſence of God is, there is heaven. Art thou in priſon with St. Paul and Silas, if God is with thee thou wilt ſing thy hallelujahs. Art thou at the ſtake with bleſſed martyrs; as the beams of the ſun put out the fire, ſo the beams of God's countenance put out the flames, and turn their troubles into comforts; ſo that 'tis but winking, and thou art in heaven. Therefore that ſoul which enjoys the Lord, though it may want the ſun or moon to ſhine in creature comforts, worldly delights to ſolace it; yet it needs them not, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; God himſelf irradiates it with the brightneſs of his beauty, and Chriſt himſelf fills it with joy unſpeakable, and full of glory. This God

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brings his heaven with him, and that man who enjoys God, carries heaven about him; so that here is his happiness. Cast him into the dungeon, into a furnace, where you please, yet he is still in heaven. Therefore, for my part, Lord give me thyself, and then deal how thou pleasest with me.

1. THROUGH all the world below,
God we see all around;
Search hills and vallies through,
There he's found;
The growing of the corn,
The lily and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn,
All declare, God is there:
In meadows dress in green,
There he's seen.

2. See springing waters rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run,
The mist beclouds the sky,
Hides the sun;
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And beat upon the shore.
All to praise, in their lays,
A God that ne'er declines,
His designs.

3. The sun with all his rays,
Speaks of God as he flies;

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The comet with her blaze,
God, she cries;
The shining of the stars,
The moon, when it appears,
His dreadful name declares,
As they fly through the sky,
While shades of silent sound,
Join the round.

4. Then let my station be,
Here in life, where I see
The sacred one in three,
All agree,
In all the works he's made,
The forest and the glade;
Nor let me be afraid,
Though I dwell in a hill,
Since nature's works declare,
God is there.

5. When God did Moses shew,
Glories more than Peru,
His face alone withdrew
From his view.
Mount Sinai is the place
Where God did shew his grace,
While Moses sang his praise,
See him rise through the skies,
And view old Canaan's ground
All around.

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6. Elijah's ſervant hears
From the hill, and declares,
A little cloud appears,
Dry your tears;
Our Lord transfigur'd is,
With the two ſaints of his,
As ſay the witneſſes,
See him ſhine all divine,
While Olive's mount is bleſt
With the reſt.

7. Not India full of gold,
With the wonders we are told,
Nor ſeraphs ſtrong and bold,
Can unfold,
The mountain Calvary,
Where Chriſt our Lord did die;
Hark, hear the God-man cry,
Mountains quake, heavens ſhake,
Whilſt God, their author's ghoſt,
Left the coaſt.

8. And now on Calvary,
We may ſtand here and ſpy,
Beyond this lower ſky,
Far on high,
Mount Sion's ſpicy hill,
Where ſaints and angels dwell,
And hear them ſing and tell
Of their Lord with accord:
And join in Moſes' ſong,
Heart and tongue.

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9. Since hills are honor'd thus,
By our Lord in his courſe,
Let them not be by us,
Call'd accurſt:
Forbid it, mighty King,
But rather let us ſing,
Till hills and vallies ring,
Echo fly through the ſky
And heaven hear the ſound
From the ground.

Importunate requests for the return of God to the ſoul.

THOU great and glorious, thou inviſible and univerſal Being, art thou no nearer to be approached! or do I ſearch thee amiſs? Is there a corner of the creation unviſited by thee? or any place exempt from thy preſence? I trace thy footſteps through heaven and earth, but I cannot overtake thee.

Why do I ſeek thee if thou art not here?
Or find thee not if thou art ev'ry where?

Tell me, O my God, and my all; tell me where thou art to be found; for there is the place of my reſt. What imaginable good can ſupply thy abſence? Deprived of thee, all that the world could offer would be like a jeſt to a

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dying man, and provoke my averſion and diſdain.
'Tis a God that I ſeek.

O FOR a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road,
Which leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of Jeſus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd;
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt;
I hate the ſins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

The deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
And light divine mark out the road
Which leads me to the Lamb.

Jeſus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with bliſsful ray;

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Break radiant through the ſhades of night,
And chaſe theſe clouds away.

Then ſhall my ſoul with rapture trace
The tokens of thy love,
But the full glories of thy face,
Are only known above.

Death vanquished.

THE Iſraelites muſt firſt paſs over Jordan, before they land in Canaan; but no ſooner did the feet of the prieſts who bare the ark of the covenant, reſt in the water, than the proud waves ſaw it and fled, and the ſwelling ſtream was driven back, and laid in heaps to let them paſs over ſafe and well; ſo every child of God is like an Iſraelite in the wilderneſs of this world, travelling to the land of promiſe; death is that Jordan which runs between this wilderneſs and our Canaan; it is that ſwelling ſtream which overflows the banks of every mortal creature; it is that laſt river which muſt be paſſed over; but this is the happineſs of a child of God, that Jeſus Chriſt our high prieſt, who bears the everlaſting covenant upon his ſhoulders, hath already dipt his feet into the brim of this water, inſomuch that the ſtreams of bitterneſs are diverted, the ſting of death plucked out, and the water of the ſalt ſea is dried up; the power of the curſe is cut off, ſo that death is but a ſure ſtep to glory. Why

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then am I afraid to die? The channel is dry, I see the footsteps of my Saviour at the bottom, and heaven and happiness on the other side; so that the waters shall not go over my soul; they may go over my sins, they may go over my miseries, they may go over my troubles; but my soul shall go over to its rest. Lord, therefore sit and sanctify me for my removal, and then I cannot be too soon with thee.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there;
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers:
Death like a narrow stream divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

O could I make my fears remove,
These gloomy fears which rise;
And see the Canaan which I love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

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Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

The use of Riches.

THAT good which is in riches, lieth altogether in their use; like the woman's box of ointment, if it be not broken and poured out for the sweet refreshment of Jesus Christ in his distressed members, they lose their worth; therefore the covetous man may truly write upon his rusting heaps, These are good for nothing. Chrysostom tells us, that he is not rich who lays up much, but he who lays out much; for it is all one not to have, and not to use. I will therefore be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be the poorer, by his covetous hoarding up.

1. THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise ensures us the Lord will provide.

2. The birds, without barns or store-house are fed;
Like them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written the Lord will provide.

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3. We all may like ships with tempests be toft
On perilous deeps but need not be loft,
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet ſcripture engages the Lord will provide.

4. Thy call we obey, like Abram of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
Altho' we are ſtrangers, we have a ſure guide,
And truſt in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5. When Satan appears to ſtop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promiſe, the Lord will provide.

6. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we ſeek, we ne'er ſhall obtain;
But when ſuch ſuggeſtions our graces have tried,
This anſwers all queſtions, the Lord will provide.

7. No ſtrength of our own, nor goodneſs we claim;
Our truſt is all thrown upon Jeſus's name;
In this our ſtrong tower for ſafety we hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8. When life ſinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace ſhall comfort us thro';
Not fearing nor doubting with Chriſt on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting, the Lord will provide.

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The absence of God on earth

WHAT is hell, what is damnation, but an exclusion from thy presence? 'Tis the want of that which gives the regions of darkness all their horror. What is heaven, what are the satisfactions of angels, but the views of thy glory? What but thy smiles and complacence are the springs of their immortal transports?

Without the light of thy countenance, what privilege is my being? What canst thou thyself give me to countervail the infinite loss? Could the riches, the empty glories, and insipid pleasures of the world recompence me for it? Ah! no; not all the variety of the creation could satisfy me while I am deprived of thee. Let the ambitious, the licentious, and covetous, share these trifles among themselves; they are no amusements for my dejected thoughts.

There was a time (but ah! that happy time is past, those blissful moments gone) when, with a modest assurance, I could call thee "my father, "my almighty friend, my defence, my hope, and my exceeding great reward." But these glorious advantages are lost, those ravishing prospects withdrawn, and to my trembling soul thou dost no more appear but as a consuming fire, an inaccessible majesty, my severe judge, my omnipotent adversary; and who shall deliver me out of thy hands? where shall I find a shelter from thy wrath! what shades can cover me from thy all-seeing eye?

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One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day:
The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
Nor ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes:
Thro' midnight ſhades thou find'ſt thy way
As in the blazing noon of day.

"But will the Lord caſt off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Has God indeed forgotten to be gracious? Will he ſhut out my prayer for ever, and muſt I never behold my Maker? Muſt I never meet thoſe ſmiles which fill the heavenly inhabitants with unutterable joys; thoſe ſmiles which enlighten the celeſtial region, and make everlaſting day above? In vain then have theſe wretched eyes beheld the light; in vain am I endued with reaſonable faculties and immortal principles: Alas! what will they prove but everlaſting curſes, if I muſt never ſee the face of God?

Is it a dream, or do I hear
The voice which ſo delights my ear:
Lo! he o'er hills his ſteps extends,
And bounding from the cliffs, deſcends;
Now like a roe outſtrips the wind,
And leaves the panting hart behind.

"I have waited for thee as they who wait for the morning," and thy returns are more welcome than the ſpringing day-light after the horrors of a melancholy night; more welcome than eaſe to

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the ſick, than water to the thirſty, or reſt to the weary traveller. How undone was I without thee? In vain, while thou wert abſent, the world hath tried to entertain me; all it could offer was like jeſts to a dying man, or like recreations to the damned. On thy favor alone my tranquility depends; deprived of that, I ſhould ſigh for happineſs in the midſt of a paradiſe; "thy loving kindneſs is better than life." And if a taſte of thy love be thus tranſporting, what extacies ſhall I know when I drink my fill of the ſtreams of bliſs which flow from thy right hand forever.

But when—
When ſhall this happy day of viſion be?
When ſhall I make a near approach to thee?
Be loſt in love, and wrapt in ecſtacy.
Oh! When ſhall I behold thee all ſerene,
Without this envious cloudy veil between?
'Tis true the ſacred elements* impart
Thy virtual preſence to my faithful heart;
But to my ſenſe ſtill unreveal'd thou art.
This, tho' a great, is an imperfect bliſs,
To ſee a ſhadow for the God I wiſh;
My ſoul a more exalted pitch would fly,
And view thee in the heights of majeſty.

* *The Lord's Supper.*

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Longing for the coming of Christ.

COME, Lord Jesus, come quickly; oh! come, lest my expectations faint, lest I grow weary, and murmur at thy long delay. I am tired with these vanities, and the world grows every day more unentertaining and insipid; it has now lost its charms, and finds my heart insensible to all its allurements. With coldness and contempt, I view these transitory glories: inspired with nobler prospects, and vaster expectations, by faith I see the promised land, and every day brings me nearer the possession of my heavenly inheritance. When I shall see God and live, and face to face behold my triumphant Redeemer.

And in his favor find immortal light;
Ye hours, and days, cut short your tedious flight:
Ye months, and years (if such allotted be
In this detested, barren world, for me)
With hasty revolutions roll along;
I languish with impatience to be gone.

I have nothing here to linger for; my hopes, my rest, my treasure, and my joys, are all above; my soul faints for the courts of the Lord in a dry and thirsty land, where there is no refreshment.

How long "shall I dwell in Meshech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar?" When will the wearisome journey of life be finished? When shall I reach my everlasting home, and arrive at

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my celeſtial country? My heart, my wiſhes are already there; I have no engagements to delay my farewell, nothing to detain me here; but wander an unacquainted pilgrim, a ſtranger and deſolate, far from my native regions.

My friends are gone before, and are now triumphing in the ſkies ſecure of conqueſt, poſſeſſed of the rewards of victory. They ſurvey the field of battle, and look back with pleaſure on the diſtant danger: death and hell forever vanquiſhed, leave them in the poſſeſſion of endleſs tranquility and joy; while I, beſet with a thouſand ſnares, and tired with continued toil, unſteadily maintain the field, till active faith ſteps in, aſſures me of conqueſt, and ſhews me the immortal crown. 'Tis faith tells me that "light is ſown for the upright in heart;" it aſſures me that "my Redeemer lives, and that he ſhall ſtand at the laſt day on the earth." And though after my ſkin worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and not another; and theſe eyes ſhall behold, though my reins be conſumed within me. Amen, even ſo come Lord Jeſus." This muſt be the language of my ſoul till thou doſt appear, and theſe my impatient breathings after thee. 'Till I ſee thy ſalvation, my heart and my fleſh will pine for the living God.

"Grant me, O Lord, to fulfil as an hireling, my day;" ſhorten the ſpace, and let it be full of action. 'Tis of ſmall importance how few

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there are of these little circles of days and hours, so they are but well filled up with devotion, and with all proper duty.

COME thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee!
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit;
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne!

Assurance of Salvation in Christ Jesus.

I HAVE put my treasures, my immortal part, into thy hands, O my dear Redeemer; and "shall the prey be taken from the mighty?" Shall a soul consecrated to Thee, fall a sacrifice to hell?

Blessed God, am I not thine? And shall the temple of thy spirit be profaned, and the lips that

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have so often ascribed dominion, and glory, and majesty to Thee, be defiled with infernal blasphemy, and the execrations of the damned? Shall the sparks of divine love be extinguished, and immortal enmity succeed? And shall I, who was once blessed with thy favor, become the object of thy wrath and indignation? Shall all the mighty things thou hast done for my soul be forgotten? Shall all my vows, and thy own secret engagements be cancelled? 'Tis all impossible; for "thou art not as a man, that thou shouldst lie; nor as the son of man, that thou shouldst repent."

Thou art engaged by thy own tremendous name for my security: my God, and my father's God: from generation to generation, thou hast been our dwelling place. I was devoted to thee in baptism by the solemn vows of my religious parents: my infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers. I have actually subscribed with my hand to the Lord, and am thine by the most voluntary and deliberate obligations. The portion of Jacob is my joyful choice, nor need I fear losing it while thy word is established as the heavens.

Fear not, sayest thou, poor trembling soul, for I am thy Redeemer, and thy mighty Saviour, the Hope of Israel, and in my name shall all the nations of the earth be blessed: "I am gracious and merciful, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." These are the titles by which I have revealed myself to men. I came

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the expected Messiah, the Star of Jacob, and the Glory of the Gentiles; I came from the fulness of ineffable glory, in the form of man, to redeem the race of Adam; I am willing and able to save, "and whosoever comes to me I will in no wise cast away." Fear not, I had kind designs towards thee from eternity; and by these visible signs of my body and blood I seal my love to thy soul; take here the pledge of heaven, the assurance of everlasting happiness.

GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine and only thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me chuse the better part,
Let me give [redacted] all my heart.

Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness!

Whom have I on earth below?
Only Thee I'd wish to know:
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love:

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Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite! unſearchable?

Nothing elſe may I require;
Let me Thee alone deſire:
Pleas'd with what thy love provides:
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

On future expectations.

BY A LADY.

THERE is a ſweet enthuſiaſtic melancholy that ſometimes ſteals upon the ſoul—even thought itſelf is for a while ſuſpended, and every ſcene in nature ſeems to wear an image of the mind. How delightful are the ſenſations at ſuch a time: though felt, they cannot be deſcribed; it is a kind of anticipation of thoſe pleaſures we are taught to expect hereafter; the ſoul ſeems entirely abſtracted from every earthly idea, wrapped up in the contemplation of future happineſs. Aſk yourſelf in one of theſe moments, what there is in this world worth a thought; and you will anſwer, nothing; its ſublunary pleaſure is but a dream, and vaniſhes like a ſhadow. This ſhould convince us more than any thing, that there is a future ſtate. Our ſouls are formed to taſte higher delights, more refined ſenſations than any thing in this life can excite; and ſomething from within tell us we ſhall one day enjoy them; elſe

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why these ideas; why these expectations; of what use would be those noble sentiments, with which the mind is sometimes impressed; if we were only to act an insignificant part for a few years in this life, and then sink into nothing? No, there must be a future state, and that immortal? "'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man,"

The American Hero.

A Sapphic Ode.

1 WHY should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding in death groans?

2 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

3 Infinite goodness teaches us submission;
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings:
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

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4 Well may we praiſe him—all his ways are perfect;
Though a reſplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the ſight of mortals
Struck blind by luſtre.

5 Good is Jehovah in beſtowing ſun-ſhine,
Nor leſs his goodneſs in the ſtorm and thunder;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindneſs;
Infinite kindneſs.

6 O then exult, that God forever reigneth;
Clouds, which around him hinder our preception,
Bind us the ſtronger to exalt his name; and
Shout louder praiſes!

7 Then to the wiſdom of my Lord and Maſter,
I will commit all that I have or wiſh for;
Sweetly as babes ſleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

8 Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in ſmoky pillars,
Burſting from bomb-ſhells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape ſhot, like a ſtorm of hail-ſtones,
Torturing æther!

9 Up the bleak heavens let the ſpreading flames riſe,
Breaking like Ætna thro' the ſmoky columns,
Low'ring like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

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10 While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your blood-hounds, nam'd the British lions,
Dauntless as death stares; nimble as the whirlwind;
Dreadful as demons!

11 Let oceans waft on all your floating castles;
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature;
Then with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle!

12 From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction.

13 Still shall the banners of the King of heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow:
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee.

14 Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's
To the encounter.

15 Life for my country, and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

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The Death of Christ.

1. HE dies, the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſky,
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground,
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man;
But, lo, what ſudden joys we ſee;
Jeſus the dead revives again:
The riſing God forſakes the tomb,
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

3. Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſt of hell,
And led the monſter, death, in chains;
Say, live forever, wond'rous king,
Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave;
Then aſk the monſter, where's thy ſting,
And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?

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JOB.

O that I were as in months paſt! Chap. xxix.

1. SWEET was the time when firſt I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanſe my ſoul from guilt
And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praiſes tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning ſhades prevail'd
His love was all my ſong.

3. In vain the tempter ſpread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's ſmiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4. In prayer my ſoul drew near the Lord,
And ſaw his glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promiſe mine.

5. Then to his ſaints I often ſpoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almoſt broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6. Now when the evening ſhade prevails,
My ſoul in darkneſs mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

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7. My prayers are now a chattering noiſe,
For Jeſus hides his face;
I read, the promiſe meets my eyes,
But will not reach my caſe.

8. Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my ſoul his prey;
Yet, Lord thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

The Change.

1. SAVIOUR ſhine and cheer my ſoul.
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded ſpirits whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word and ſet me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

2. Shall I ſigh and pray in vain?
Wilt thou ſtill diſdain to hear?
Wilt thou not return again?
Muſt I yield to black deſpair?
Thou haſt taught me how to pray,
Canſt thou turn thy face away?

3. Once I thought my mountain ſtrong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then thy grace was all my ſong,
Then my ſoul was fill'd with love:
Theſe were happy golden days,
Sweetly ſpent in prayer and praiſe.

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4. When my friends have ſaid "Beware,
Soon or late you'll find a change;"
I could ſee no cauſe for fear,
Vain their caution ſeem'd and ſtrange;
Not a cloud obſcur'd my ſky,
Could I think a tempeſt nigh?

5. Little then myſelf I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power:
Now I find their words were true,
Now I feel the ſtormy hour!
Sorrow's clouds obſcures my ſky,
Sadneſs now ſucceeds my joy.

6. Satan aſks, and mocks my woe,
"Boaſter, where is now your God?"
Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood:
Tell him, ſince I know thy name,
Thou in Love art ſtill the ſame.

THE HIDING PLACE.

Composed by a British Officer.

1. HAIL ſovereign love that firſt began
The ſcheme to reſcue fallen man;
Hail matchleſs free eternal grace
Which gave my ſoul a hiding place.

2. Againſt the God who rules the ſkies,
I fought with hands uplifted high:

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Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3. Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4. But lo! the eternal council ran,
Almighty love arrest the man;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

5. Vindictive Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.

6. But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel soon appear'd;
She led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus as my hiding place.

7. Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole,
No thunder-bolts should daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

8. On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have crush'd a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became my hiding place.

9. A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;

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Where I ſhall ſing the ſongs of grace,
And ſee my glorious hiding place.

This do in remembrance of me.

GLORY to my dear Saviour, that ſeeks no greater return for all his labor of love, than a thankful remembrance of it at his table. Oh, ſhould I grudge to give ſuch a ſmall return to him that ſuffered the pain of death and hell for me! Had he bid me ſacrifice my firſt-born, and give all that I have to the poor, or go a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to viſit his ſepulchre, or go to the top of Mount Calvary, where the croſs ſtood, as a token of thankfulneſs for his love, could I have refuſed it? But he put me to no ſuch taſk. Lord thou bidſt me not go to a bloody ſcaffold to remember thee, but to a well covered table to do it. Thou bidſt me not go there to bleed or burn for thee, but to eat and drink; not the bread of affliction, or water of adverſity, but bread that ſtrengthens the heart, and wine that cheers the drooping ſpirit, bread and wine thou haſt ſanctified and bleſſed for me. Surely, O dear Saviour, I owe my life to thee, nay a thouſand lives if I had them; but it is not my life, but my memory and thoughts thou art calling for; it is not to die for thee, but to remember thee. Didſt thou drink the cup of wrath on the croſs for me, and ſhall not I drink a cup of

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bleſſing at the table for thee, nay for myſelf, and for my eternal ſalvation?

Let me go then to his holy table, with faith, love and thankfulneſs, to remember Chriſt and his dying love; as he commanded me. And while I remember him, let me alſo receive and embrace him as my bleeding High Prieſt, in the arms of my faith, and at the ſame time throw my guilty ſoul into his wounded arms, for ſaving me from wrath. Let me go and remember the wounding and piercings of my Redeemer, with a pierced and wounded heart for thoſe curſed ſins, which nailed and killed the Prince of Life. Let me henceforth be the death of ſin, which was the death of my dear Saviour. Oh, ſhall I ſuffer ſin to live any longer in me, that would not ſuffer my Redeemer to live in this world?

1. JESUS once for ſinners ſlain,
From the dead was raiſ'd again;
And in heaven is now ſat down,
With his Father on his throne.

2. There he reigns, a king ſupreme,
We ſhall alſo reign with him;
Feeble ſouls be not diſmay'd,
Truſt in his Almighty aid.

3. He hath made an end of ſin,
And his blood has waſh'd us clean;
Fear not, he is ever near,
Now, e'en now he's with us here.

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4. Thus aſſembling, we by faith,
Till he come, ſhow forth his death,
Of his body, bread's the ſign,
And we drink his blood in wine.

5. Bread thus broken aptly ſhows
How his body God did bruiſe;
When the grape's rich blood we ſee,
Lord, we then remember thee.

6. Saints on earth, and ſaints above,
Celebrate his dying love,
And let ev'ry ranſom'd ſoul,
Sound his praiſe from pole to pole.

The glory of God in his works of creation, providence, and redemption.

MY being immediately flows from thee, and ſhould I not praiſe my omnipotent Maker? I received the laſt breath I drew from thee, thou doſt ſuſtain my life this very moment, and the next depends entirely on thy pleaſure. 'Tis the dignity of my nature to know, and my happineſs to praiſe and adore my great Original. But oh! thou Supreme of all things, how art thou to be extolled by mortal man! "I ſay to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worms ye are my brethren. My days are as a hand's-breadth, and my life is nothing before thee: but thou art mine, and thy years never fail. From everlaſting to

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everlasting thou art God !" the incomprehensible, the immutable Divinity. The language of paradise, and the strains of celestial eloquence, fall short of thy perfections; the first-born sons of light lose themselves in blissful astonishment in search of thy excellencies; even they, with silent ecstasy, adore thee, while thou art veiled with ineffable splendor.

The bright, the blest Divinity is known,
And comprehended by himself alone.

Who can conceive the extent of that power, which out of nothing brought materials for a rising world, and from gloomy chaos bid the harmonious universe appear!

Confusion hear'd the voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd; stood vast Infinity confin'd.

At thy word the pillars of the sky were fram'd and its beauteous arches raised; thy breath kindled the stars, adorned the moon with silver rays, and gave the sun its flaming splendor. Thou didst prepare for the waters their capacious bed, and by thy power set bounds to the raging billows: by thee the vallies were cloathed in their flowery pride, and the mountains crowned with groves. In all the wonderful effects of nature we adore and confess thy power; thou uttereſt thy voice in thunder, and dost scatter lightning abroad, thou rideſt on wings of the wind, the

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mountains ſmoke, and the foreſts tremble at thy approach, the ſummer and winter, the ſhady night, and the bright revolutions of the day, are thine.

Theſe are thy glorious works, parent of good;
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame:
Thus wond'rous they; thyſelf how wond'rous then!

But O what muſt thy eſſential majeſty and beauty be, if thou art thus illuſtrious in thy works! If the diſcoveries of thy power and wiſdom are thus delightful, how tranſporting are the manifeſtations of thy goodneſs! From thee every thing that lives receives its breath, and by thee are all upheld in life. Thy providence reaches the leaſt inſect; for thou art good, and thy care extends to all thy works. Thou feedeſt the ravens, and doſt provide for the young lions their prey: Thou ſcatterest thy bleſſings with a liberal hand on thy whole creation; man, ungrateful man, largely partakes thy bounty. Thou cauſeſt the rain to deſcend, and makeſt thy ſun to ſhine on the evil and unthankful; for thou art good, and thy mercy endureth forever.

As the creator and preſerver of men, thou art glorioufly manifeſt; but, oh! how much more glorioufly art thou revealed, as reconciling ungrateful enemies to thyſelf by the blood of thy eternal Son! Here thy beneficence displays its brighteſt ſplendor; here thou doſt fully diſco-

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ver thy moſt magnificent titles, the LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious, long ſuffering and abundant in goodneſs. "How unſearchable are thy ways, and thy paths paſt finding!" Infinite depths of love never to be expreſſed by human language! And yet, ſhould man be ſilent, the ſtones themſelves would ſpeak, and the mute creation find a voice to upbraid his ungrateful folly.

1. THAT was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vaſt creation raiſe!
Angels attendant on their Lord,
Admir'd the plan and ſung his praiſe.

2. From what a dark and ſhapeleſs maſs,
All nature ſprang at his command!
Let there be light, and light there was,
And ſun, and ſtars, and ſea, and land.

3. With equal ſpeed the earth and ſeas,
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd;
He ſpake, and ſtrait the plants and trees,
And birds and beaſts, and man were made.

4. But man, the Lord and crown of all,
By ſin his honor ſoon defac'd;
His heart (how altered ſince the fall!)
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waſte.

5. The new creation of the ſoul,
Does now no leſs his power diſplay;
Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkneſs into day.

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6. Tho' self-destroy'd, O Lord, we are;
Yet let us feel what thou canst do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

The Storm.

BUT what means that murmur? Alas, a storm is coming on; darkness is invading the whole face of nature;—God is bringing the winds out of his treasures;—they rise higher still; the trees feel their influence; they shake, they bow their lofty heads: how their leaves and branches are scattered! 'tis well if their crackling stumps escape an overthrow. But I expect a more awful appearance on the ocean.—Surprising! more so than any scene that ever struck my alarmed eye. See how the surges rise! what mountainous billows swell and roll! what hideous caverns gape! Sheets of water are separated and carried to a distance! How do the waves lash yonder rocks! How widely do they spread upon the more level strand!—What will become of those vessels which I saw a little while ago sailing so smoothly upon that sea of glass? amazing if they can live amidst so vast a confusion! How will they climb those precipices? how will they emerge, when buried in those watery graves? See one poor bark, as it were, hangsupon the broken wave.

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O how much is to be learned by a ſtorm! It is God that raiſeth the ſtormy wind, which lifteth up the waves of the ſea; they mount up to heaven, they go down to the depths. How awful are the exhibitions of the Almighty! What wonders of judgment and mercy his word produces! The ſtormy winds fulfil his word. O how dreadful to fall into the hands of God, with whom is ſuch terrible majeſty! Sinners may think lightly of his wrath, and diſmiſs the thought with an apprehenſion that they ſhall be wiſe enough to eſcape, or hardy enough to ride out the raging blaſt; But, O that they did but ſee with clearneſs, and conſider with that ſerioufneſs, which the matter calls for! Doſt thou, indolent, inſolent ſinner, imagine thou canſt contend with God, or cope with Omnipotence? Try thy power in ſome ſmaller matters; ſtop the ſun in its rapid progreſs; bring back the ſeaſons and invert them; bid the flowers ſpring up in winter, or drive in the ſeverities of froſt and ſnow upon the harveſt; or do but command theſe winds to ceaſe, which rage with ſuch impetuous fury. If thou canſt not preſerve thy body from dropping into the grave, and render it immortal, how canſt thou keep the ſoul from ſinking into hell? Does many a hardy mariner who before ſeemed neither to fear God, nor regard man, tremble like a leaf when ſhaken by the wind, and is he even at his wits end in this tumult of the ocean? what then will the ſinner do, when God ſhall call forth all his wrath? and how will the now obdurate miſ-

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creant be able to ſtand when the whole ſtorm of vengeance ſhall be ſent againſt him, and beat upon him with a fury and power which eye never ſaw, and heart never felt? He may now like Leviathan, laugh at the ſhaking of the ſpear, and the ſword may be to him as rotten wood, when brandiſhed in the threatenings of the Almighty; but when theſe threatenings come to be executed, and the ſpear enters into his very heart, and pierces his very marrow, whither, O whither will he fly, or, how will he endure.

But, bleſſed be God, there is a covert from ſuch ſtorms, ſweet character of the bleſſed Redeemer! if none can abide the day of God's wrath, when the cedars of Lebanon are torn from their roots, and the rocks are thrown down before him, hide me, O hide me; with uplifted hands, a melted heart, and flowing eyes, I intreat thee hide me in the hollow of thy hand, in thy ſuffering and bleeding heart. Do the birds of the air, and the beaſts of the field from an inſtinct of nature, foreſee the apppoaching ſhower, and make haſte to the retreat? let my hopes waft me on wings of faith to thy bleſſed ſelf, who calleſt thyſelf a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempeſt.

1. THO' the morn may be ſerene,
No threat'ning cloud be ſeen;
Who can undertake to ſay
'Twill be pleaſant all the day?

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Tempeſts ſuddenly may riſe,
Darkneſs overſpread the ſkies!
Lightnings flaſh, and thunders roar,
E're a ſhort liv'd day be o'er.

2. Often thus the child of grace,
Enters on his Chriſtian race;
Guilt and fear have overborne,
'Tis with him a ſummer's morn;
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things ſeem to ſmile around;
And he hopes it will be fair,
All the day, and all the year.

3. Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution ſtrange;
He no change nor trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring ſtorm appears,
Till dark clouds his ſun conceal,
Till temptation's power he feel;
Then he trembles, and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.

4. But the wonder working Lord,
Sooths the tempeſt by his word!
Stills the thunder, ſtops the rain,
And his ſun breaks forth again;
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys and now he mourns;
Oft his ſky is overcaſt,
Ere the day of life be paſt.

5. Try'd believers too can ſay,
In the courſe of one ſhort day,

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Tho' the the morning has been fair,
Prov'd a golden hour of prayer;
Sin and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight;
Ah! what heart felt peace and joy
Unexpected ſtorms deſtroy.

6. Deareſt Saviour, call us ſoon
To thine high eternal noon;
Never there ſhall tempeſts riſe
To conceal thee from our eyes:
Satan ſhall no more deceive,
We no more thy Spirit grieve;
But through cloudleſs, endleſs days,
Sound, to golden harps, thy praiſe.

That Rock was Christ.

1. WHEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirſt,
Forth from the rock the waters burſt;
And all their future journey through,
Yielded them drink and goſpel too.

2. In Moſes' rod a type they ſaw:
Of his ſevere and fiery law,
The ſmitten rock prefigured him,
From whoſe pierc'd ſide all bleſſings ſtream.

3. But ah! the types were all too faint,
His ſorrows or his worth to paint:

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Slight was the ſtroke of Moſe's rod,
But he endur'd the wrath of God.

4. Their outward rock could feel no pain,
But our's was wounded torn and ſlain;
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But Jeſus pour'd forth ſtreams of blood.

5. The earth is like a wilderneſs,
A land of drought and ſore diſtreſs;
Without one ſtream from pole to pole,
To ſatisfy a thirſty ſoul.

6. But let the Saviour's praiſe reſound,
In him refreſhing ſtreams are found,
Which pardon, ſtrength, and comfort give,
And thirſty ſinners drink and live.

Martha and Mary.

1. MARTHA her love and joy expreſs'd,
By care to entertain her gueſt;
While Mary ſat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to loſe a word.

2. The principle in both the ſame,
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim;
The one to feaſt her Lord was led,
The other waited to be fed.

3. But Mary choſe the better part,
Her Saviour's words refreſh'd her heart;

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While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too.

4. With warmth she to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke:
"One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run?"

5. How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd?
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

6. Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain need never lose;
Sufficient in itself alone.
And needful, were the world our own.

7. Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require!
Gladly I may the rest resign,
If the one needful thing be mine.

An Elegy on Sophronia, who died with the Small-Pox, 1711.

By Dr. Watts.

Sophron is introduced speaking.

Forbear, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,
Where all my cheerful airs are fled:

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Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?
My joy, my life, my comfort's dead.

Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

Unkind disease, to vail that rosy face
With tumors of a mortal pale;
While mortal purples, with their dismal grace,
And double horrors spot the vail.

Uncomely vail, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
And beauty spread her ensign there?

I was all love, and she was all delight,
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah! flowery days when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.

Yet still Sophronia pleas'd. Nor time nor care
Could take her youthful bloom away:
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

Grace is a sacred plant of heavenly birth;
The seed, descending from above,
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love,

Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew,
And angel's food, were her repast;

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Devotion was her work, and thence she drew
Delights which strangers never taste.

Not the gay splendors of a flatt'ring court;
Could tempt her to appear and shine:
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort;
But I was blest, and she was mine.

Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,
Her smiles could all my pains control;
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;
Love grew with every waning moon;
Had heav'n a length of years delay'd its call,
Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

But peace, my sorrows, nor with murmuring voice
Dare to accuse heaven's high decree:
She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
Sophron, she waits above for thee.

A common occurrence moralized.

AS Theophron, one evening was sitting solitary by the fire, which was sunk low, and glimmering in ashes, he mused on the sorrows that surround human nature, and beset the spirits that dwell in flesh. By chance he cast his eyes on a worm which was lodged on the safer end of a short fire brand: It seemed very uneasy at its

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warm ſtation, writhing and ſtretching itſelf every way for relief. He watched the creeping creature in all its motions. "I ſaw it (ſaid he, when he told this incident to Phiemus) reach forward, and there it met the living coal; backward, and on each ſide, and then it touched the burning embers. Still ſtarting from the preſent torment, it retreated and ſhrunk away from every place where it had juſt before ſought a refuge, and ſtill met with new diſquietude and pain.

"At laſt I obſerved (ſaid he) that having turned on all ſides in vain, it lifted its head upward, and raiſed its length as high as poſſible in the air, where it found nothing to annoy it; but the chief part of the body ſtill lay prone on the wood; its lower or worſer half hung heavy on the aſpiring animal, and forbid its aſcent. How happy would the worm have been, could it then have put on wings and became a flying inſect!

"Such (ſays he) is the caſe of every holy ſoul on earth; it is out of its proper element like the worm lodged among hot embers. The uneaſy ſpirit is ſometimes ready to ſtretch its powers, its deſires and wiſhes on every ſide, to find reſt and happineſs among ſenſible good; but theſe things inſtead of ſatisfying its nobler appetites, rather give ſome new pain, variety of vexation, and everlaſting diſappointment. The ſoul finding every experiment vain, retires and ſhrinks backward from all mortal objects, and being touched with divine influence, it raiſes itſelf up towards heaven to ſeek its God; but the fleſh, the body, the

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meaner or worser half of the man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither, where rest and ease are only to be found.

"What should such a soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a flight to the upper world, and breathe after the moment of its release?—What would be more joyful to such a spirit, than the divine and almighty summons to depart from flesh? O blessed voice from heaven, that shall say to it, "Come up hither;" and in the same instant shall break off all its fetters, give it wings of an angel, and inspire it with double zeal to ascend!"

Death and Judgment.

1. YE virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2. He comes, he comes to call,
The nations to his bar,
And takes to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

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3. Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.

4. Then let us wait to hear,
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see the Lord appear,
Watching may we be found!
With that bless'd wedding robe endu'd,
The blood and righteousness of God.

The wearisome Weeks of Sickness.

BY DR. WATTS.

THUS pass my days away. The cheerful sun
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams,
Alas, in vain to me; cut off alike
From the bless'd labours, and the joys of life:
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train
Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows,
By night I count the clock; perhaps eleven,
Or twelve, or one; then with a wishful sigh
Call on the lingering hours, Come two, come five:

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When will the day-light come? Make haste ye
mornings.
Ye evening shadows haste; wear out these days,
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
The weary week forever.—
Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
Sweet day of rest, devote to God and Heaven
And heavenly business, purposes divine.
Angelic work; but not to me returns
Rest with the day: Ten thousand hurrying
thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous far from heaven,
And heavenly work. In vain I heave and toil,
And wrestle with my inward foes in vain,
O'erpower'd and vanquish'd still: They drag
me down
From things celestial, and confine my sense
To present maladies. Unhappy state,
Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
Unholy idleness, a painful absence
From God and heaven, and angels' blessed work,
And bound to bear the agonies and woes
That sickly flesh and shattered nerves impose.
How long, O Lord, how long!

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A Hymn of Praise for Recovery.

HAPPY the man, that the ſlow circling moons
And long revolving ſeaſons meaſure out
The tireſome pains of nature! Preſent woes
Have their ſweet period. Eaſe and cheerful health
With ſlow approach (ſo Providence ordains)
Reviſit their forſaken manſions here,
And days of uſeful life diffuſe their dawns
O'er the dark cottage of my weary ſoul.
My vital powers reſume their vigour now,
My ſpirit feels her freedom, ſhakes her wings,
Exults and 'xpatiates o'er a thouſand ſcenes,
Surveys the world, and with full ſtrength of tho't
Graſps her ideas; while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praiſe. What mortal voice
Or mortal hand, can render to my God
The tribute due! What altars ſhall I raiſe?
What grand inſcription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines! Where ſhall I find a victim
Meet to be offered to his ſovereign love,
And ſolemnize the worſhip and the joy.
Search well, my ſoul, thro' all the dark receſſes
Of nature and ſelf-love, the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flattery hides our ſins; ſearch out the foes
Of thy almighty Friend; what lawleſs paſſions,
What vain deſires, what vicious turns of tho't
Lurk there unheeded: bring them out to view,
And ſacrifice the rebels to his honour.

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Well he deserves this worship at thy hands,
Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
Thy mould'ring fabric, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.
Almighty power! I love thee, blissful name,
My healer God; and my inmost heart
Love and adore forever! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
Thy hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf,
To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,
And sighs and long complaints, with wise delay
Tho' painful to the sufferer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desir'd relief.
Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,
Prove your new strength, and shew th' effectual skill
Of your divine physician; bear away
This tottering body to his sacred threshold:
There laden with his honours, let me bow
Before his feet: let me pronounce his grace,
Pronounce salvation through his dying Son,
And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name,
Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes
Toward his throne; awake, my choicest songs,
Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
The solemn vows of my distressful hours,
A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.
Jesus, great advocate, whose pitying eye
Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart

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And powerful interceſſions ſpread'ſt my woes
With all my groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my praiſes now; thy holy incenſe
Shall hallow all my ſacrifice of joy.
And bring theſe accents grateful to his ear.
My heart and life, my lips and every power
Snatch'd from the graſp of death I here devote
By thy bleſſ'd hands an offering to his name.

The Vision of Mirza.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here alone myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, ſurely ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards a ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any

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thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible; When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to superior natures, and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza" said he "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward (said he) and tell me what thou seest." "I see (said I) a huge valley, and

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a prodigious tide of water rolling through it" "The valley thou ſeeſt, (ſaid he) is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eternity." What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called time meaſured out by the ſun, and reaches from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it? I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life; conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which, added to thoſe which were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that the bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it; but tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it? I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping thro' the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and I ſaw innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no

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ſooner trod upon, but they fell through into the tide, and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke thro' the cloud than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that contained a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up to heaven in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of ſupplication ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they ſank. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on the trap-doors which did not ſeem to lie in their

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way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. Take thine eye off the bridge, said he, and tell if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh; Alas! said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity? But cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge

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rock of adamant running through the midſt of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half thereof, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean, planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reclining on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene, I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſands of the ſea ſhore; there are miriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcoverſt, reaching farther than thine eye, or even the imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſure of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and per-

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fections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miſerable, that gives thee opportunities of earning ſuch a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence? Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on thoſe happy iſlands. At length, ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no anſwer, I I turned about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found he had left me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, ſheep, and camels, grazing upon the ſides of it.

The Vision of Amanda.

METHOUGHT I was walking through a delightful field from whence on a riſing hill I beheld a ſtately edifice. My curioſity led me to make up towards it, I found it ſurrounded with gardens and orchards, richly decked by nature

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and art. A moſt agreeable lady was ſtanding at the door, who very courteouſly invited me in, to ſit down and reſt me: being tired with the hill, I accepted her kind offer—Entering the houſe, I ſurveyed the magnificent apartments, and my eyes were dazzled with the rich furniture that adorned every room. The lady led me into a ſpacious parlour, where was a very comely gentleman, with ſeveral little beauties around him, the living pictures in miniature of the father and mother. I was entertained there with a liberality ſuitable to the appearance they made, and with that courteous affability, which is the genuine effect of true gentility and good breeding. Whilſt with pleaſure I ſurveyed their happy circumſtances, which appeared to have no want of any thing to complete their felicity, I ſaid within myſelf, Surely theſe are extraordinary perſons, and this flow of proſperity muſt be the bountiful reward of Providence, for ſome eminent inſtance of virtue and piety. But when I had taken my leave, and was returning back, I met one, of whom I enquired the gentleman's character who was owner of yonder ſeat; which, to my no ſmall ſurpriſe, I found to be very vicious. His plentiful eſtate was gotten by oppreſſion and fraud, his beautiful children were the living monuments of his ſhame, and the lady who made ſo ſplendid an appearance, and to whom he diſcovered ſo much ſeeming tenderneſs, was ſo far from being miſtreſs of the ſeat, that ſhe was only kept there as under a tyrant, to be a ſlave to his

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baſe luſts, he conſulted her ſatisfaction no farther than as the pleaſure in her countenance heightens her charms, and thereby renders her the more agreeable to him in the gratification of his brutiſh appetites and paſſions; and ſhe, continued my informer, puts a conſtant force upon herſelf to appear gay and cheerful, leſt her keeper ſhould turn her out, abandoned to ſhame and miſery. To preſerve her from the latter of which (after the loſs of a good fortune) was ſhe prevailed on to comply with the lot ſhe ſhares. As ſoon as I parted with my company, I could contain no longer, but burſt out into this exclamation: Wherefore, O Proſperity, wherefore is it that thou daily loadeſt the vicious with thy benefits and giveſt them all that heart can wiſh! Whence comes it to paſs, that ſuch a wretch as this ſhall ſpend his days in eaſe, and his nights in pleaſure, whilſt thou turneſt away with diſdain from the pious man, leaving him to groan under all the hardſhips of the moſt adverſe ſtate! O ſay, whence is it that thou art partial to the wicked? I had no ſooner ceaſed exclaiming in this manner, than looking forward, I ſaw Proſperity ſtanding before me arrayed in her moſt gorgeous attire. The gay and glittering appearance muſt have raiſed delight in my breaſt, had it not been damped by the anger that appeared on her brow when ſhe thus addreſſed me. Forbear tasking me with partiality in my proceedings; for where it is my inclination, it is not in my power, being only the ſervant of Providence,

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he has set his heart inordinately upon them, and in a great measure withdrawn his dependance upon God for the continuation of those bounties of Providence, grown careless and secure, saying with David, My mountain stands strong; I shall never be moved. Poverty is therefore sent to waste his substance, that the idol being removed, he may be no longer tempted to adore it, and that he may by his own experience, be convinced of the uncertainty of all sublunary good. A long continued state of health has abated his sense of the value of the mercy, and he has seemed to slight it as a common favour. Sickness is therefore sent to teach him the worth of health, by the want of it; to shock this seeming strong building, that he may see its foundation is in the dust, and that it is a moth crushed in the hand of God. In a word, these painful strokes shall be the means of rousing him out of that spiritual lethargy wherein he has so long lain, and cause him to remember whence he is fallen, excite him to repent, and do his first works; and when these most valuable ends are answered, God will turn his captivity, and remarkably display his power and love in his deliverance. Again I looked up, and heard Adversity receive a new commission, to attack a person who appeared in sight. Pray, said I, to what person are these formidable spectres going? (for their appearance shocked me more than all the others) He is, said my teacher, a very serious good man, one that has for many years been universally esteemed among those

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who are true friends to religion and virtue, both for his wisdom and piety; but this general regard paid to him has too much elevated his mind, and he has hereby been puffed up with self applause; not duly considering that whatever endowments he possesses, whether of nature or of grace, are all received from God, and that therefore all the glory should be ascribed to the donor. Reproach is now sent to humble him, to hide pride from his eyes, to make him fully sensible that the interest any have in man's esteeem is a blessing which descends from the same hand that dispenses those qualifications that have a tendency to raise it. Soon after I lifted up my eyes again, and saw Adversity with her attendants, Sickness and Death, receiving their orders to seize the child of a certain person. Now, says my instructor, this is a sincere Christian, and the stroke to be inflicted is perhaps the sorest of a temporal nature that could befal him. He is to be stript of an only child, and a very promising one, in whom the fond parent might justly please himself with the prospect of much comfort and satisfaction; and like Jacob, his life seems to be bound up in the lad's life. But Providence, in much wisdom and goodness, orders his removal; in kindness both to parent and child; the lad being by the grace of God prepared for a better state, is in great love removed from all the snares and trials that would surround him in his riper age: a more than common share of which must have fallen to his lot had he continued in this

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world. The parent will hereby be convinced of, and humbled for the evil he has been guilty of in setting his heart and affections too much on this so desirable a creature enjoyment, which he sees now to be but a fading, dying flower.—And the supports and comforts he shall receive under this heavy trial will stop the mouth of complaints, and force him to confess that God is the alone proper object of our warmest affection, since there is enough in him to make the Christian happy in the loss of the dearest earthly comforts. These, (continued my teacher) are some of the seeming paradoxes in Providence, which thou, blind mortal, couldst not discover by the dim light of reason; there are others which I am not permitted to reveal to thee; some of which thou wilt never see unravelled whilst thou art clothed with mortality. Let what thou hast seen and heard suffice to assure thee, that God's thoughts are not like to thine, but as far above them in wisdom, as the heavens are above the earth. Hence it is, that the wicked so oft abound with this world's good, who have all their heaven here: whilst the pious man is, by the sharps attacks of Adversity, during the short term of his existence here, training up for a state of endless, unalloyed happiness. I thanked my instructor, begged pardon for my rashness, and promised that I would no more arraign Divine Providence at the bar of my weak and shallow reason; and abashed and confounded at my ignorance and presumption, awoke from my dream.

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Good Friday.

1. 'Tis done! th' atoning work is done!
   Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies!
All nature feels the important groan,
   Loud echoing thro' the earth and skies.
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black.

2. The temple's veil is rent in twain,
   While Jesus meekly bows his head;
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
   The yawning graves give up their dead;
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3. And shall not we his death partake,
   In sympathetic anguish groan?
O Saviour! let thy passions shake
   Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone!
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

The Pilgrim.

1. JESUS, at thy command,
   I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
   Where sin lulls all asleep:
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with Thee and thine.

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2. What tho' the ſeas are broad,
What tho' the waves are ſtrong,
What tho' tempeſtuous winds
Diſtreſs me all along;
Yet what are ſeas or ſtormy winds,
Compar'd to Chriſt, the ſinner's friend.

3. Chriſt is my Pilot wiſe,
My compaſs is his word:
My ſoul each ſtorm defies,
While I have ſuch a Lord;
I truſt his faithfulneſs and power,
To ſave me in the dying hour.

4. Though rocks and quickſands deep
Through all my paſſage lie;
Yet Chriſt ſhall ſafely keep
And guide me with his eye.
How can I ſink with ſuch a prop,
That bears the world and all things up.

5. By faith I ſee the land,
The heav'n of endleſs reſt;
My ſoul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jeſus' breaſt.
Oh may I reach the heav'nly ſhore,
Where winds and ſeas diſtreſs no more.

6. When e'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my ſtorms ſubſide,
Then to my ſuccour fly,
And keep me near thy ſide;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempeſts burſting o'er my head.

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7. Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heav'n my destin'd place:
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

A dying World, and a durable Heaven.

WOULD one think it possible for the sons and daughters of Adam, who see all things round them upon the face of the earth in perishing and dying circumstances, to speak, and act, and live as though they should never die? The vegetable world, with all its beauties, seems to pass under a spreading death every year; the glory of the field, the forest, and the garden, perish. Animal nature is born to die and mingle with its original dust; not the strength of beasts, the ox, or the lion, can resist their fate; nor the fowls of the swiftest wing escape it; nor can the nations of insects hide from it in their dark holes and caverns, where they seek to prolong their little beings, and keep the vital atoms together through the changing seasons. Our own flesh and blood is much of the same make; it is borrowed from the same materials as theirs, it has a similar composition, and sin has mingled many more diseases in our frame, than are known to the vegetable or brutal kinds. We see our ancestors go before

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us to the grave, and yet we live as though we ſhould never follow them. We behold our neighbours carried away from the midſt of us daily to their beds of earth, and yet we are as thoughtleſs of this awful and important hour, as though our own turn would never come. Let us ſurvey man a little: How are all their tribes employed? What is the grand buſineſs of life? Are not all their powers of fleſh and mind devoted to the purpoſes of this poor, ſhort, mortal period, as though there were nothing to ſucceed it? And yet if we aſk thoſe who dwell around us in our nation, do you not believe a heaven and an eternity of happineſs for thoſe who ſeek it ſincerely, and labour for it? they confeſs this divine truth by the force of reaſon and conſcience, and by the light of ſcripture: but they forget it in a few moments, and return to their follies again, and with a greedy and inceſſant deſire they repeat the purſuits of periſhing vanities.

O that we could but keep ourſelves awake from the intoxicating pleaſures and cares of this life, and ſhake off all thoſe golden dreams that perpetually ſurround our fancy! we ſhould then ſurely employ our nobler powers to a diviner purpoſe: If we did but dwell a little with a fixation of thought upon the ſcenes of death all around us here on earth, and if we now and then ſurveyed the viſible heavens, their brightneſs and their duration, we might perhaps be put in mind of thoſe momentous truths which direct our conduct, might wean us from our fondneſs of theſe

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ſenſible and periſhing trifles, and animate us in good earneſt to purſue the durable glories of heaven. A walk through a church-yard, by ſun or ſtar light, would afford ſuch a meditation as this:

All born on earth muſt die. Deſtruction reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes all its ſcenes.
Time bruſhes off our lives with ſweeping wing:
But heaven defies its power. There angels ſing
Immortal. To that world direct thy fight,
My ſoul, ethereal born, and thither aim thy flight:
There virtue finds reward; eternal joy,
Unknown on earth, ſhall the full ſoul employ.
This glebe of death we tread, theſe ſhining ſkies,
Hold out the mortal leſſons to our eyes.
The ſun ſtill travels his illuſtrious round,
While ages bury ages under ground:
While heroes ſink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phoſpher* glitters, and ſtill Syrius* burns.
Light reigns thro' worlds above, and life with all
her ſprings:
Yet man lies groveling on the earth,
The ſoul forgets its heavenly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries
her wings.

Thus far with regard to the bulk of mankind, whoſe ſouls are immerſed in fleſh and blood, who mind none but earthly things, whoſe God is this

* *The Morning-Star, and the Dog-Star.*

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world, and whose end is destruction; but it is a melancholy thing also to consider, that where a divine ray from above has penetrated the heart, has began to operate a heavenly temper, to kindle a new life in the soul, and set it breathing after eternal things, it is still ashamed to make this new life appear, and this divine ray discover itself; it is ashamed to shine like a son of God in such a dark and vicious world, amongst men of degenerate minds, who have an averfion to all that is holy and heavenly. We would fain be always in the mode, and are afraid to be looked at in the dress of piety among thousands whose neglect of God have stamped the fashion. Are there not several such christians among us, who dare not open their lips in the language of paradise, nor let the world know they belong to heaven, till death and the invisible state are brought near them, and set in full view by some severe sickness, or some terrible accident which threatens their removal hence? It is a near view of the grave and eternity, that subdues all other passions into devotion, that makes them begin to speak and act publicly like the children of God, and gives them a sacred fortitude, a blessed superiority of soul over all their foolish fears, and the reproaches of sinful men.

1. WHEN death and everlasting things
Approach and strike the sight,
The soul unfolds itself, and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light.

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2. The silent christian speaks for God,
With courage owns his name,
And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad,
The zeal subdues the shame.

3. Lord, shall my soul again conceal
Her faith if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,
And quench th' ethereal fire?

4. O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heaven in view,
Left if my zeal and courage sleep,
My lips grow silent too!

Religion.

THE light of nature, duly attended to, will evidently lead us into belief of a Supreme Being, infinitely holy, powerful, just and good, the creator and preserver of all things, the friend and judge of mankind.

It is therefore our duty as well as highest interest often, at stated times, and by decent and solem acts, to contemplate and adore the great original of our existence, the parent of beauty, and of all good; to express our veneration and love by an awful and devout recognition of his perfections; and to evidence our gratitude, by celebrating his goodness, and thankfully acknowledging all his benefits. It is likewise our duty, by prop-

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er exercises of sorrow and humiliation, to confess our ingratitude and folly, to signify our dependence upon God, and our confidence in his goodness, by imploring his blessing and gracious concurrence in assisting the weakness, and curing the corruption of our nature.—And, finally, to testify our sense of his authority and our faith in his government, by devoting ourselves to his disposal. This is that internal piety or the worship of the mind which unassisted reason dictates, and all the great and wise men of the heathen world recommended and practised. It may be proper, however, to remark, these duties are not therefore obligatory, because the Deity needs not or can be profited by them: but as they are apparently decent and moral, suitable to the relations we sustain of our creator, benefactor, law-giver, and judge, expressive of our state and obligation, and improving to our tempers, by making us more rational, social, and consequently more happy. And as God is the parent and head of the social system, as he has formed us for a social state, as by one we find the best security against the ills of life, and in the other enjoy its greatest comforts, and as by means of both, our nature attains its highest improvement and perfection: and moreover, as there are public blessings and crimes in which we all share in some degree, and public wants and dangers to which all are exposed; it is therefore evident, that the various and solemn offices of public religion are duties of indispensable moral obligation, among the best cements of

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ſociety, the firmeſt prop of government, and the faireſt ornament of both.

Extract of a letter from his excellency General Washington, addressed to the people of the United States, on his resignation of the Presidency.

OF all the diſpoſitions and habits which lead to political proſperity, Religion and Morality are indiſpenſible ſupports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotiſm, who ſhould labor to ſubvert theſe great pillars of human happineſs, theſe firmeſt props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man ought to reſpect and to cheriſh them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it ſimply be aſked, where is the ſecurity of property, for reputation, for life, if the ſenſe of religious obligation deſert the oaths, which are the inſtruments of inveſtigation in courts of juſtice? And let us with caution indulge the ſuppoſition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar ſtructure, reaſon and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in excluſion of religious principles.

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'Tis ſubſtantially true, that virtue or morality is a neceſſary ſpring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or leſs force to every ſpecies of the government. Who that is a ſincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to ſhake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, inſtitutions for the general diffuſion of knowledge. In proportion as the ſtructure of government gives force to public opinion, it is eſſential that public opinion ſhould be enlightened.

Peace of Conſcience and Prayer for Health.

YET gracious God, amidſt the ſtorms of nature,
Thine eyes behold a ſweet and ſacred calm
Reign thro' the realms of conſcience: All within
Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble boſom,
Tho' ſtain'd with ſins and follies, yet ſerene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital ſmile amidſt this deſolation,
Like heavenly ſun-beams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celeſtial light
Softens and gilds the horrors of the ſtorm,
And richeſt cordials to the heart conveys.

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O glorious ſolace of immenſe diſtreſs,
A conſcience and a God! A friend at home,
And better friend on high! This is my rock
Of firm ſupport, my ſhield of ſure defence
Againſt infernal arrows. Riſe, my ſoul,
Put on thy courage: Here's thy living ſpring
Of joys divinely ſweet, and ever new,
A peaceful conſcience, and a ſmiling heaven.

My God permit a creeping worm to ſay,
Thy ſpirit knows I love thee. Worthleſs wretch,
To dare to love a God! But grace requires,
And grace accepts. Thou ſeeſt my laboring ſoul:
Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Conſtrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
Has ſeiz'd, and holds me in Almighty arms:
Here's my ſalvation, my eternal hope,
Amidſt the wreck of world and dying nature,
I am the Lord's, and he forever mine.

O thou all-powerful word, at whoſe firſt call
Nature roſe; this earth, theſe ſhining heavens,
Theſe ſtars, in all their ranks came forth and ſaid;
We are thy ſervants: Didſt thou not create
My frame, my breath, my being, and beſtow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creature,
Who faints before thy face? Did not thy pity
Dreſs thee in fleſh to die, that I might live,
And with thy blood redeem this captive ſoul
From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
My King, my Saviour, my Emmanuel, ſay,

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Have not thy eye-lids mark'd my painful toil,
The wild confusions of my shatter'd powers,
And broken fluttering thoughts? Hast thou not
seen
Each restless atom that with vexing influence
Works thro' the mass of man? Each noxious
juice,
Each ferment that infects the vital humours,
That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,
And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
Yes, all at thy command, and must obey
Thy sovereign touch: Thy touch is health and
life,
And harmony to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight sighs and morning
moans
Rise thro' the heights of heaven and reach thy
ear
Propitious? See, my spirit's feeble powers
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne,
Like early incense climbing through the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and
peace
Descend with blessings, like an evening shower
On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom?
Or must thy creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans and die?
Come, blest Physician, come attend the moan
Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm,
Crush'd in the dust and helpless. O descend,

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Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.
Incarnate goodneſs, ſend thy influence down
To theſe low regions of mortality,
Where thou haſt dwelt, and clad in fleſhly weeds
Learnt ſympathetic ſorrows; ſend and heal
My long and ſore diſtreſs. Ten thouſand praiſes
Attend thee: David's harp is ready ſtrung
For the Meſſiah's name: A winged flight
Of ſongs harmonious and new honours wait
The ſteps of winged mercy.

Few Happy Matches.

1. SAY, mighty Love, and teach my ſong,
To whom the ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whoſe willing hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

2. Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains,
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way;
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bleſt as they.

3. Not fordid ſouls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred chains of gold,
To dull embraces move:

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So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

4. Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames: thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

5. Not the dull pairs, whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married juſt like ſtoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

6. Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs;
As well may heav'nly concert ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſide the baſe.

7. Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold,
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould;
The rugged and the keen;
Sampſon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With fire-brands tied between.

8. Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind,
For love abhors the fight:

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Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

9. Two kindred souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet;
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
In drawn by gentle birds alone,
And Cupid yokes the doves.

A sight of Heaven in sickness.

1. Oft have I sat in secret sighs
To tell my flesh decay;
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

2. But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain:
Diseases bring their profits too,
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3. My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings:
Looks through the ruin of her clay,
And practises her wings.

4. Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light,
Above created skies.

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5. Had but the priſon walls been ſtrong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of glory ſaw.

6. But now the everlaſting hills
Through ev'ry chink appear,
And ſomething of the joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a priſ'ner here.

7. The ſhines of heav'n ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Viſions of endless bliſs are ſeen,
And native air ſhe draws.

8. O may their walls ſtand tott'ring ſtill,
The breaches never cloſe,
If I muſt here in darkneſs dwell,
And all this glory loſe.

9. Or rather let this fleſh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to ſee th' enlarged way,
I ſtretch my pinions through.

Earth and Heaven.

1. HAST thou not ſeen, impatient boy,
Haſt thou not read that ſolemn truth,
That grey experience writes for giddy youth
On ev'ry mortal joy:

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Pleaſure muſt be daſh'd with pain.
And yet with heedleſs haſte,
The thirſty boy repeats the taſte,
Nor hearkens to deſpair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleaſure never run ſincere :
(Earth has no unpolluted ſpring :)
From the curſt ſoil ſome dang'rous taint they bear :
So roſes grow on thorns, and honey wears a ſting.

2. In vain we ſeek a heaven below the ſky ;
The world has falſe but flattering charms ;
Its diſtant joys ſhew big in our eſteem,
But leſſen ſtill as they draw near the eye.
In our embrace the viſions die ;
And when we graſp the airy forms,
We loſe the pleaſing dream.

3. Earth, with her ſcenes of gay delight,
Is but a landſcape rudely drawn,
With glaring colors and falſe light ;
Diſtance commends it to the ſight,
For fools to gaze upon ;
But, bring the nauſeous daubing nigh,
Coarſe and confus'd the hedious figures lie,
Diſſolve the pleaſure, and offend the eye.

3. Look up, my ſoul! pant tow'd th' eternal hill.
Thoſe heav'ns are fairer than they ſeem ;
There pleaſures all ſincere glide on in chryſtal rills :
There not a dreg of guilt deſiles,
Nor grief diſturbs the ſtream.

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That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
Nor curſed ſoil, nor tainted ſpring,
Nor roſes grow on thorns, nor honey wears a
ſting.

The day of Judgment.

AN ODE.

1. WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy
forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a ſtorm of hail,
comes Ruſhing amain down:

2. How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble?
While the hoarſe thunder like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them!

3. Such ſhall the noiſe be, and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like theſe earthly)
Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;

4. Tears the ſtrong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repoſe of princes;
See the graves open and the bones ariſing,
Flames all around 'em.

5. Hark, the ſhrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguiſh,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living
worm lies Gnawing within them.

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6. Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-ſtrings,
And the ſmart twinges, when their eyes beholds the
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance Rolling afore them.

7. Hopeleſs immortals! how they ſcream and ſhiver,
While devils puſh them to the pit wide yawning;
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them head-long Down to the centre!

8. Stop here, my fancy; (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, ariſe to Jeſus!
How he ſits God-like! and the ſaints around him Thron'd, yet adoring!

9. O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then aſcend to glory,
While our hoſannas, all along the paſſage,
Shout the Redeemer!

The Incomprehensible.

1. FAR in the heav'ns my God retires,
My God the mark of my deſires,
And hides his lovely face,
When he deſcends within my view,
He charms my reaſon to purſue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chace.

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2. Or, if I reach unuſual height,
Till near his preſence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a ſea of light I roll,
Where wiſdom, juſtice, mercy ſhines;
Infinite rays, in croſſing lines,
Beat quick confuſion on my ſight, and overwhelm
my ſoul.

3. Come to my aid, ye fellow minds,
And help me reach the throne;
What ſingle ſtrength in vain deſigns,
United force hath done:
Thus worms may join, and graſp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the ſeas;
But the whole race of creature ſouls,
Stretch'd to their laſt extent of thought, plunge
And are loſt in thee.

4. Great God, behold, my reaſon lies
Adoring, yet my love would riſe
On pinions not her own,
Faith ſhall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackleſs ſeas of light,
To thee, th' eternal Fair, the infinite unknown!

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The Soul's resemblance of Christ.

THE closer association that we have here with Christ, the nearer assimilation we shall have to Christ. Moses did but talk with God, and how did his face shine with a beam of God! You many quickly know a soul that doth converse, and is familiar, with Jesus Christ; you shall see it shining forth with the glories of Christ; as wisdom makes the face to shine, so Jesus Christ makes the soul to shine; so that he that judiciously looks upon him can divine that the soul hath met with, and seen the Lord. I see by the reflection of the beams of righteousness, he has been long viewing the Son of righteousness; he carries the very image and the very beauties of Christ about him; he looks like Christ and speaks like Christ; he walks and lives like Christ; he resembles and knows he comes from Christ. The soul which is always beholding the glory of the Lord, shall be changed into his image from glory to glory. If that soul be so glorious that beholds God darkly, reflectively, as in a glass, and enjoys God at a distance, how glorious shall that soul be, that shall see him clearly and distinctly, face to face, and enjoy his immediate communion with Jesus Christ? We shall then be like him indeed, when we shall see him as he is; our bodies shall be like his; our glory shall be like his; our eternity shall be like his; who is the God of beauty, excellency, and sweetness, concord, happiness and eternity. O Lord, let me

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have such clear visions and sweet fruitions of thee, that I may not only hereafter be happy, but may likewise now be holy.

Sincere Praise.

1. ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wond'rous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2. Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3. In native white and red
The rose and lilly stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To shew thy skilful hand.

4. The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

5. My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

6. But pride, that lofty sin,
Spoils all that I perform:

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Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

7. Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of the favors I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

8. The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honors of thy name
To build their own applause.

9. Create my soul anew;
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

10. Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
And sacrifice to love.

11. Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of our days,
And to my God, my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

Improve the talents God gives you to his service and glory. Luke xix. 13.

REMEMBER you are not made for yourselves only, but for the society and benefit of

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others, therefore employ your gifts, ſubſtances, and whatever God has beſtowed, for the good of others; teach the ignorant, relieve the poor, ſtrengthen the weak, comfort thoſe that are caſt down, tell them your experiences, commend Chriſt as a choice maſter and lovely Saviour, and invite them to come, taſte and ſee that he is good; pity thoſe who are ſtrangers to him, and pray for them. Be uſeful to others while you live, which will make your memory ſavoury when you die; many, alas, are ſo unprofitable in their lives, that they leave no friends to lament their death; but public ſpirited and uſeful perſons are much lamented. Let every one in their ſtations be active, and occupy their talent for God. Be aſſured, the more you do for God in this world, the more God will do for you in the world to come. If the ſaints were capable of grief in heaven, it would be their doing ſo little good for God on earth.

The miſerable end of proſperous wickedness.

JORDAN, that famous river, no doubt runs through many a pleaſant meadow, by many a ſhady grove and flowery bank, and yet at laſt empties itſelf into a dead ſea; and not only ſo, but thoſe freſh chryſtal ſtreams that made thoſe famous brooks, loſe both name and worth, are

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turned into the dead ſea themſelves. Juſt ſo it is with a wicked man, here he walks through the meadows of worldly pleaſures and reſt, under the ſhades of earthly comforts and ſports, and wallows himſelf among the flowers of worldly delights, but at laſt runs himſelf out into a dead lake, and is caſt into hell among the numbers of thoſe who forget God.

Chriſt's Aſcension.

1. HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes;
Chriſt awhile to mortals given,
Re-aſcends his native heaven:
There the pompous triumph waits;
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates
"Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
"Take the king of glory in!"

2. Him tho' higheſt heaven receives;
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls the world his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3. Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day;

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See thy faithful ſervant, ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, tho' parted from thy ſight,
High above you azure height,—
Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Foll'wing thee beyond the ſkies.

4. Ever upward let us move,
wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home;
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign,
There thy face unclouded ſee;
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

The Spirit's Farewell to the Body after a long Sickness.

1. HOW am I held a priſoner now,
Far from my God! This mortal chain
Binds me to ſorrow; all below
Is ſhort-liv'd eaſe, or tireſome pain.

2. When ſhall that wond'rous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions, where
Nor cloud nor veil ſhall hide my God?

3. Farewell this fleſh, theſe ears, theſe eyes,
Theſe ſnares and fetters of the mind;

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My God, nor let this frame arise,
Till every dust be well refin'd.

4. Jesus, who mak'st our natures whole
Mould me a body like thy own:
Then shall it better serve my soul
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

The departing moment; or, absent from the body.

1. ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joy this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin has wrought,
From pains and tears, and all their springs.

2. Absent from flesh! Illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3. Absent from flesh, then rise my soul,
Where feet nor wings could ever climb,
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4. I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Uriel waits and points the way.

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Entrance into Paradise; or, present with the Lord.

1. And is this heaven? and am I there!
How short the road! how swift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

2. Is this the heavenly friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me!

3. How fair thou offspring of my God!
Thou first-born image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this bleft abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

4. Lo, he presents me at the throne
All spotless—there the godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

The Sight of God in Heaven.

1. CREATOR God, eternal light,
Fountain of good, tremendous power,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!
Beauty and love unknown before!

2. Thy grace, thy nature all unknown
In yon dark region where I came;

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Where languid glimpſes from thy throne,
And feeble whiſpers teach thy name.

3. I'm in a world where all is new;
Myſelf, my God: O bleſt amaze:
Not my bleſt hopes or wiſhes knew
To form a ſhadow of this grace.

4. Fix'd on my God, my heart, adore;
My reſtleſs thoughts, forbear to rove,
My meaner paſſions, ſtir no more,
But all my powers be joy and love.

Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called, 1 Cor. vii. 20.

MOST of the employments of life are, in their own nature, lawful; and all thoſe that are ſo, may be made a ſubſtantial part of our duty to God, if we engage in them only ſo far, and for ſuch ends as are ſuitable to beings that are to live above the world. This is the only meaſure of our application to any worldly buſineſs; it muſt have no more of our hands, our hearts, or our time, than is conſiſtent with an hearty, daily, careful preparation of ourſelves for another life. For ſince all true Chriſtians have renounced this world to prepare themſelves, by daily devotion and univerſal holineſs, for an eternal ſtate of quite another nature, they muſt look

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upon worldly employments as upon worldly wants and bodily infirmities; things not to be desired, only to be endured and suffered, till death and the resurrection has carried us to an eternal state of real happiness. A person's being called into the kingdom of grace, is not designed to make void the duties that arise from his peculiar calling or situation in life, but to enforce the practice of them in such a way as may be most to the glory of God. He, therefore, that does not consider the things of this life as of little moment, or even nothing, in comparison of the things that are eternal, cannot be said either to feel or believe the greatest truths of Christianity.

Lord save me from my calling's snare,
From fraud and from the love of gain;
My hand be filled with worldly care,
But all my heart with thee remain.

And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down; and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day, Isa. ii. 17.

"PRIDE was not made for man," says the son of Sirach; "and the proud in heart are an

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abomination to the Lord:" And yet what more common than pride and self-righteousness among the fallen children of Adam? So deeply are they engrafted in our corrupt natures, that nothing short of Almighty Grace can root them up.

It is the great design and effect of the blessed gospel, wherever it is applied to the heart by the Spirit of God, to mortify this cursed temper. In that day the haughtiness of man, his self-will, which he set up in opposition to the will of God shall be brought down; and his self-righteousness by which he thought to recommend himself to the favour of God, shall be made low; and Christ, and his righteousness alone shall be exalted.

Hath this precious promise ever been fulfilled in thy experience, O my soul? Is the will of God thy rule? Is the righteousness of Christ thy hope? And is the language of thy heart and life, Let God in all things be exalted in me, and by me, through Christ Jesus? Without this, O my soul! thy profession is vain, thy faith is also vain, and thou art yet in thy sins.

Lord, lay my legal spirit low,
And ev'ry lofty look subdue;
Bid all my heart to Jesus bow,
Exalt, and love, and trust him too.

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I know also, my God, that thou triest the heart, and hast pleasure in uprighteousness 1 Chron. xxix 17. *He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly*, Prov. ii. 7. *The Lord looks on the heart*, 1. Sam. xvi. 7.

As God searches the heart and tries the reins, he cannot be deceived by outward form; we ought not therefore to deceive ourselves in this particular: It is no certain proof of a real conversion to God, if we only reform the grosser sins of our former lives, much less if we only abstain from such things as by nature we are not so much inclined to indulge: but if our hearts are so renewed by the grace of the Holy Spirit, as to be firmly and habitually opposed to our most beloved lust, we have a good evidence of a real conversion. For these inward capital enemies, the Lord and all his upright followers attack most, before all the rest. If we would give over that which is dearest to us, we must first know and believe that Christ is both able and willing to help us, and has lovingly engaged his word, that none shall seek his face in vain. Let us keep this thought ever in our minds, and it will stir up faith, and encourage diligence in seeking after salvation.

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Miſtaken ſouls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys and ſins forgiv'n,
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Chriſt the living Head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

Faith muſt obey her father's will,
As well as truſt his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill,
For his own holineſs.

Lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Heb. iii. 13.

DOTH ſin preſent itſelf, turn away from it with loathing and prayer. Give it not a look, leſt it inſnare thee. If thou commiteſt ſin, dieſt without repentance, thy ſoul is loſt, and thy redemption ceaſeth for ever; or if thou committeſt ſin and doſt repent, yet expect chidings of God's face, and breakings of bones, as David felt for

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his coft. Oh! what bitter pangs! what painful throes! what ſhadows of death! what terrors of hell may ſeize upon thee, before thou canſt make thy peace, or ſettle thine aſſurance! Wilt thou give way to ſin, becauſe it is delightful, or becauſe it is pardonable? Who loves poiſon becauſe it is ſweet? or who drinks poiſon becauſe he may have an antidote? ſeeing it will work to his trouble, if it work not out of his life! I have a precious ſoul, ſhall I loſe it for a luſt? I have a gracious God, ſhall I venture him for a ſin? No, Lord, give me grace to reſiſt ſin, give me victory over it; let me always reject that, for the indulgence of which I am ſure to loſe my peace, and endanger the loſs of my immortal ſoul.

A tender conſcience give me, Lord,
And put my feet within;
That I may tremble at thy word,
And 'ſcape the ſnares of ſin.

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